MEADOW · AND · BUSH
BY · JAMES · HEBBLETHWAITE

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MEADOW · AND · BUSH

A BOOK OF VERSES

BY · JAMES · HEBBLETHWAITE

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"A Rose of Regret"
By James Hebblethwaite
(Out of Print)

A Second Impression of "A Rose of Regret" is Included in "A Southern Garland." The Bulletin Company, Sydney. — By Kind Permission of The Bulletin Company, Several of the Verses Printed in "A Rose of Regret" are Reproduced in this Volume.

Many Verses Appeared in "The Bookfellow." Others are now First Published.

J. H.

1364902

To A. G. S.

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Eurydice,

Ah, the sweet-throated crying
By the wild sea,
By the gate of Dis dying,
Eurydice!

Turning with tears,
For pale Orcus was calling—
O the long years!—
I saw thee fading, falling,
To mourning meres.

A SECURE TIME.

O for the breath that youth's far dawning bore
When shone the sun from angel-guarded way,
Flowering with silken flame on patchwork hoar
In blazoning of shreds of blossomed may,
Blush crimson, cinnamon, and Quaker grey;
And for the waking Boy who heaped his bed
With faded heirlooms, lost in silent play:
The quaint old China green and rosy red,
The fan from lumber-room with perfume still unfled!

How beautiful was light to those pure eyes—
Whether the glories of the sunset sea,
Or moted beams, or day's faint dying sighs,
Or rays from golden glass at Trinity,
Or those he watched beside his Mother's knee
Driving the shadows up the dusky wall,
Or moving spots from lanthorn swaying free,
The fanlight's tracery in the shadowy hall,
The white upon the ceil that told the snow's thick fall!

He heard the sound of Penwortham's sweet bells,
They found a gentle echo in his breast;
In odour cool of twilight's glooming dells
The children's wavering ring broke for their rest;
And with the screen he made a glowing nest

For painted scrap-book (ah, that it were mine!);
And he divined some note of love confest,
Some worship of the golden-snooded Nine,
And valentine disdains from hearts that ever pine.

O could I breathe once more the aisle's pent air,
And hear the mighty organ shuddering blow;
And see again the women who sat there
Within the curtained pew, a comely row,
(They all are very old or dead, I know);
And watch the ancient men with trembling hand
Touch thin grey temple curl—ah, then to go
In a rare dream along with homeward band
Treading the golden trails strown through the winter land!

A GEORGIAN HOUSE.

In blushing freshness of their endless years
The Sister and the Boy with loitering feet,
And a fond indolence, turn from the crowd
For a large grassy square that lies asleep
In its own air, absorbed in reverie,
So far aloof the gentle Boy is hurt
By this faint negligence.
Soothed by her kiss
He feels the patience of that slumbrous hour,

And loves the ordered leisure; nay, his soul
Is trembling at the passionings that steal
From dim deserted rooms. . . The sunset glow,
Soft fading crimson, lights the mirrored dark
Of old mahogany; and on the stair
Shelving away to dusk, the children see
A dream of small pure faces peering down,
And from the noble frames of tarnished gold
Their elders lean; and to the Boy withal
There is a murmured music that the years
Will yield not in their sighing till they bring
The Funeral March that weeps with tender fall
A Marionette—for in that shadowy place
The Boy conceives the folk as very far,
With grief grown tiny, and that sobbing strain
Laments their failure, swelling keen and shrill
In poignancy, then sinking to a moan
Receding—ah, the sadness of the grave!
Into the distance . . mournful . . . infinite. . .

THE CHILDREN'S MINUET.

Ah! ah! this is our holiday,
Trip it with laughter again;
And gracefully bending in mode that is olden,
Now dance to the minuet's strain.

Slow! slow! silent and courteous—
Stately the minuet goes,
And sweet the refrain to the youths and the maidens
In satin and powder and rose.

See! see! just for a moment
The old world is with you again;
And now it has vanished, and we are but children
That dance to the minuet's strain.

MEADOW-LAND.

Dreaming upon the day in quiet eve,
With half-closed eyes I see thy haunted dales,
Thy lanes and dipping streams; and here I leave
Old cobweb grime and long wet golden trails,
For clocks of thistle down and crannied rills,
And moving sunlight on the heather hills.

Within those grey and softly lighted Halls,
Where Ribble murmurs by the low-browed door,
Now music's mourning melancholy falls,
And gently peopled is the mirrored floor,
And hand in hand beneath the flower-wreathed lance
They thread with happy hearts the stately dance.

Surely that ford of shame and grieving sings,
For sainted Henry on the forest lowe
Withered with raining tears those elfin rings,
Knowing betrayal pang of sourest woe:
Poor soul! through dewy launds on sunshine day,
He rode with sorrow to the south away.

Come, for the dial's silent stealing line
Echoes the chiming bells, come thou with me
And kneel within this ancient Church of mine,
And slender high-born beauty thou shalt see
Bend with the snows rimed tenderly by age
Of humble folk before the sacred page.

THE YOUNG KNIGHT'S CHANT.

Your love would make a shepherd lad a flame,
Ennobling every drop within his veins,
And famousing for ever his great name
Beyond all earthly stains. . .

O come and let the sunshine flush your cheek,
Else sweetly cold and clear; Cecilia's robe
Of amber light shall dye your breast so meek,
And sparkles of wet green the dew shall globe
Upon your gown; and I will sing of faint
Reluctancy that 'longs to pucellage;

And for my very Saint
I'll make romaunts from waxed and narded page
For winter winds and rains.

Vawards of fame and dantours of the world,
In flashing steel, with golden flag unfurled,
On foamy-wet destreres, through greenwood glade,
With lifted ventayles, tossing plume and blade,
We'll ride with you, our Queen,
Girl of braced drum and spears and knighthood lean.

I shall not fear the dungeon black and strong
Within the closed wall, the yearning air
That waves the thin poor grass, if but my song
Be filled with you, O love! nor shall I care
For shadows of the swallows blown along,
When I shall dream you there!

YOUTH DREAMS OF SEPULCHRES.

With book and friend let me grow old,
And draw a quiet breath
As shadows lengthen, and the slope
Runs down to dusky death,
With open eyes for those pure forms
Haunting the heart of things,
And ears for secret charities
That float on Angel wings.

So pass my life until there come
From far the last sad call,
And understanding I will go
From library and stall,
From sunny pavement written o'er
With names of friends at rest,
To watch through forest dells the deer
Speed to the mountain breast. . .

Then after long farewell—the last!
And parting with the sun,
With bird and flower and noble tree,
In calm of labour done,
Within the solitary hills,
By lonely churchyard gate,
And low embattled tower and wall,
God's kindly time I'll wait.

There sheep would feed around my grave,
The scythe flame in the corn,
The lark rise singing to the blue,
The peewit call forlorn:
O nameless there would I be laid
In that green quiet place,
Not without tears—and so farewell,
Mute unresisting face.

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.

O far, O far away, beyond the hills,
Over the level line of fairy sills,
The Dwellers of the Plain of Pleasure gaze
In sad remembrance of the ancient days.

In that old time the womb of morning bare
A purer gleam than ours, a thinner air,
And very earth was sown with light that grew
Upbreaking into founts of living blue.

The old brown cabins nested on the earth
A quiet folk of rustic love and mirth:
Lily and rose were in the women blent,
The heart of song with all the people went.

For primal voices still were heard around
From beast and bird, and in the solemn sound
Of rushing river; and the gentle breeze
Gave mystic meanings to the leaves of trees.

Lit with a shyer gold than that of noon
Pure Angel heads leaned to the rising moon:
To us they are but clouds with kindling fleece,
To them they were soft harbingers of peace.

The seasons flowed with song and laughter sweet,
And lightly passed the hours with flying feet;
But by the winter hearth they gathered all
Their wan romance in music's dying fall.

And mothers knelt above their children's nest,
Or held the loved one to the deep-cleft breast,
Lest the Green People of the Forest wild
Should change the sleeping babe for fairy child.

Ah, if some human bud were rapt away,
What watchings by the ford at noon of day,
When leaves were broad and long, in flame and shade,
And Love had power upon the Fairy Raid.

Beyond, beyond, low in the quiet West,
In Twilight Region, lay a Land of Rest,
Of passioned rest untouched by passion's stings,
Beneath calm-featured forms with folded wings.

At times a still small Voice was heard to call,
Naming some one on lasting sleep to fall—
So Death came then: the summoned one arose
And passed alone untroubled by dim foes.

But when some girl in beauty's early flower
Heard in the Rumour name and so brief hour,

And turned to say farewell, her lovers true
Went all the way and made Death name them too.

They come no more, they will not come again,
Those far-off days of old romantic pain,
For faith is dying, beauteous things are fled,
The heart of man to love and song is dead.

J.H.

Wistful the olden time comes back,
And oft of him I dream
Who bore my name at Agincourt
Beside that Morning beam,
Famed Harry, on St. Crispin's Day,
When the French Chivalry
Went down before the starved band
Of bowmen from the sea.

He loved the belling hart beneath
The green and whispering trees,
Soft chequerings on ancient sward,
The peaceful forest breeze;
His Lady slender sweet and gay,
Waited in twilight room
For his return from hound and spear
Through evening's amber gloom.

They were the gentle visitants
Of visionary hours,
They mingled with the loves and fears
Of Childhood's happy bowers—
His sword is laid beneath his head,
His lady sleeps full fast,
And I salute them o'er the years,
Of all their race the last.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Reeded and gilt the organ looms
In pinnacle and crown,
While candle lights star golden glooms
Within the panel's brown.

Strange pallors haunt the crumbling walls
From windows deep with snow,
The poppies on the carven stalls
In sleepy crimson blow.

And greener holly never shone
With clustered berries red,
Memoried and ever dear, upon
Beauty and Valour's bed. . .

From holy Worship forth folk fare
And scatter in white ways,
And in the darkening winter air
Ruddy the home-lights blaze.

And cronies draw about the flame,
And in the rose-red blooms
Tell ghostly tales of Knight and Dame
In dusky haunted rooms.

And maids in silken softness gowned
Look up in starry night
To gaze of gallants bending round
In gold brocade and white.

And all we love of delicate
In Memoirs of dead lips,
Light criss-cross gossip without hate,
A witty circle sips.

THE HAUNTED PRIORY.

The music of the Waits died on the moor
In murmuring echoes of sweet plaintive sound,
And with low moan the wind stole by my door
And passed without along the snowy ground.

Above each hooded stone that marks the dead
The moonbeams seemed to whisper, "This is best,"
And deeper slumber touched the quiet head,
And deeper patience calmed the sunken breast.

Within, the Yule light danced on shining oak,
On pale white mistletoe and ruddy gleam
Of holly berry, and on phantom folk
In blackened frames of old and tarnished beam.

My cheek sank to the pillow for a space
Of happy thinking, but a sighing breath
Awoke me, and I saw her clear pure face,
Dark-sweet as night, as thoughts of love and death.

Ashes of yellow roses filled her hands—
She bowed above them fading from my sight;
And now I haunt the ways of shadowy lands,
And watch the portals of the dreaming Night.

THE LAND OF GREECE.

Ah, days that to immortal joy we gave,
Leisured, unhindered, crowned with purple dream,
Illyrian or by Ilissus wave,
Those hours of childlike gaze at Life's soft beam,
Their threnes for fading beauty, mid the gleam

Of noble marbles veined with violet
Against a sea of azure, while the stream
Sang of some thought eluding memory yet,
Some faint felicity we may not quite forget.

White holy order in that purest air
The Parthenon arose, and evermore
Faming the frieze our chivalry so fair
Rode, and below in blossomed life they bore
The robe of Pallas stained with earth and ore,
Balming the breeze and musking glorious name—
High Salamis and Marathon and more—
And as the priests unto the Altar came
The white uncorded bulls sank to the thin clear flame.

On wings Iberian yellow let us fly
To Cyclad isle and winding olive vale,
Green-boughed Idalium whence comes no sigh,
Or reedy Cnidus where the gentle gale
Flutters the garments of the maidens pale
Who sing of heroes and their lofty mound;
Or we will watch the youth in viney dale
All crimson-thighed from rough stone circle bound
With song of satyr-band upon the swarded ground.

ULYSSES.

The wise Ulysses climbs the rude old stair,
His wave-worn raft sways idly at his feet,
To lift the drooping sail there is no air,
And stillness reigns around save for the beat
Of faintest ripples that make cool the heat
With cool-lipped sigh, and on the amber floor
Of weed-grown rock flit golden shadows fleet,
And in the light-blown murmurs evermore
Ulysses hears a moan for happy days of yore.

In silent sunshine lies each winding street
All garlanded with flowers in streamy flow,
There comes no voice from palace or fair seat,
And dawn's blue air is in a soft pure glow
From some divinest wellspring's overflow
Of tender bliss, and in the rainbow dew
And on the statue's limbs of carven snow
And on the columned marble's peachy hue,
The glad young morning light trembles and blooms anew.

O hush! speak not! but list the silvery sound
Of flutes and pipes and merry clashing din,
And cry of clear sweet voices floating round
The Temple's porch—O can it be a sin
To dream Apollo and his shining kin

Have left the glittering mount! In coloured weeds
They slowly loiter past where keen and thin
The hot light cleaves the ebon shade. . . Who leads
This train of gentle youth fresh from the flowery meads!

Faint haunting winds of silvan fragrance breathe,
The dews of morn about their garments cling,
And round their heads light-flaming flowers they wreathe,
And scatter buds from arks the children bring,
And wavering move in slow and charmed ring
To sacred song—then on again they roam,
Ulysses of their band, and clearly sing
In ravished harmony: Ah, Spring's white foam,
Ah, leave the house of stone, the green earth is your home.

ANTIGONE.

Methought I heard a melancholy sound,
A song divine of pure immortal breath,
And loitering near the Parthenon I found
The mourners of Antigone's lone death.

Wreathed with wild olive from the sacred grove
Where flows the crystal of Castalian fount,
The secret home of god Apollo's love,
Went the fresh youth of valley, plain, and mount.

This flower of virgins made a perfect dirge
For her who sought so timelessly her grave,
And strewed white violets from ledge and verge
Of Helicon, white as the foamy wave.

In that pellucid air they walked along
By marbles graved in gold and fair with frost
Of snowy blossoms, and they sang a song
Of grief for noble house gone down and lost.

And so they came thus sorrowing with tears
To carven seats of rock before a stage
Whereon Antigone's last silent fears
Enacted were from old and yellow page.

She stood a delicate and holy thought
Clothed in pure lovely flesh, with gesture sweet
To olive land and Altar richly wrought,
And all that once had stirred her young heart's beat.

Her eyes were full of tears, she did not hear,
Her lips that curved for love were pale and mute,
Her soul regretting all that she held dear
Was saying low farewell to lover's lute.

Thus through a dream reluctancy she made
Her way to death, without reproach or cry,
For Zeus this girl so sweet and unafraid
By other law had aye foredoomed to die.

EROTION.

Here is a stela of pale stone
With head of child Erotion;
And though I may not own the earth
That lightly covers tears and mirth
To give her strewings, yet is paid
The rite to her faint slender shade
By these red roses in her cup,
And of dark wine a little sup.

THE FOREST.

Once as I lay a-sleeping
Beneath an ancient oak,
There stole to me a maiden,
One of the silvan folk.

Pale sweet her face as moonbeam
That through the forest slips—
Beneath her hair's twin darkness
She kissed my dreaming lips.

PERDITA.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is pleasant to the view
When singing larks spring from the grass
To fade into the blue,
And all the hawthorn hedges break
In wreaths of purest snow,
And yellow daffodils are out,
And roses half in blow.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is sad as sad can be,
The prince has ta'en our flower of maids
Across the violet sea;
Our Perdita has gone with him,
No more we dance the round
Upon the green in joyous play,
Or wake the tabor's sound.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Has many wonders seen,
The shepherd lass wed with a king,
The shepherd with a queen;
But such a wonder as my love
Was never seen before,
It is my joy and sorrow now
To love her evermore.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is haunted by a light
Of memory fair of lady's eyes,
And fame of gallant knight;
The princes seek its charmed strand,
But ah, it was our knell
When o'er the sea our Perdita
Went with young Florizel.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is not my resting place,
For with her waned from out the day
A beauty and a grace:
O had I kissed her on the lips
I would no longer weep,
But live by that until the day
I fall to shade and sleep.

SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

O call the passioned heart, the dreaming hand,
And we will fashion for his bones a tomb—
Letting the marbler Time
Smooth with a gentle touch the fretted bloom—
And guard it with a band
Of those who live so greatly in his rhyme:
Pale Desdemona, pure Cordelia,

Sweet Rosalind of tender forest play,
Miranda of the Isle, and Juliet
With eyes still dewy wet;
And roughened there shall Kings of hoary balm,
Proud peers and prelates spring from massy stone,
Making withal a stately chant and moan
For him who sleeps above in centuried calm.

VIOLETS.

Roses red of royal blood,
Yellow tea with memoried flood
From dim silken folds and dust,
Cramosie or velour rust,
Mossed or blushed or scarlet-striped,
Love your praise hath whilom piped.

Nancies sweet and daffodils,
Cowslips from the meadow hills,
Primroses with faint cool smell,
Hyacinths from musky dell:
Pardon if with dreaming bliss
Violets in love I kiss.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

Last night the wind was blowing wild.
The sea-coal fire burnt brightly,
The candles' light was clear and mild,
My bosom's lord sat lightly;
And deep within my old arm-chair
I sank in rosy basking,
Distilling all the sweet and rare,
And spirit-vintage flasking.

When lo! methought in London street,
An Angel-meadow lodger,
I loitered in the way called "Fleet,"
And met my dear Sir Roger;
We reached his club without mishap,
One witty, wise and sober,
Where Peace might take a pleasant nap
After his old October.

The door was closed: by right divine
Sir Roger used the poker,
Each Clubman sipped his slender wine
And proved a peaceful smoker;
And he was there from ancient Gate,
Whose studies went a-maying
With things antique and delicate,
To law-books never straying.

Will Honeycomb's old stories ran
About some dainty duty,
And kind sweet glance and blow of fan
From long-forgotten beauty;
And feeling we were gone in years,
The clergymen we beckoned,
And heard with silent flowing tears
The world divinely reckoned.

Next day we went to see the Tombs
And viewed their faded glory,
Of honour in the dust that blooms
Sir Roger told the story;
His hand upon King Edward's sword,
Upon the pommel leaning,
From Chronicle and Ballad hoard
He reaped a loyal gleaning.

Then to his Country Seat we went,
Where Time sits and remembers
With grey old Chaplain thin and bent,
Ghostly by glowing embers;
And long sweet leisure hours were mine
In chamber rare and sunny,
With elbow-glass of cowslip wine,
And crust and golden honey.

In shallow parlour cool and dim
With bunches of old roses,
Sir Roger told the latest whim
About the Widow's posies;
Her hand he praised all hands above,
Each pure Angelic feature,
His fancy fed with tender love
On that most lovely Creature.

The Picture-gallery then we sought:
The Knight gave quaint discourses
Upon the gallant men who fought
With lances, swords and horses;
And her so beautiful and sweet,
Who early died a maiden—
The heart of age began to beat,
With lonely pathos laden. . .

On Sunday by the Church's aisle
Sir Roger woke from sleeping,
And sat upright with stately smile,
A watch in kindness keeping:
I saw John Matthews through a pane
Armorial and mellow,
On mossy tomb, and I was fain
To love the careless fellow.

Sir Roger passed to far dream lands,
My exile tears up-welling,
But still in farewell sweet he stands
Before his ancient dwelling:
A thousand follies had the Knight,
Kindly and dear debaters
Of tears and laughter—now they light
The leaves of old Spectators.

ELIA.

On Crusoe Island were I cast forlorn
So I had Elia I should never be
Uncomforted, but from the summer morn
To golden eve, fronting the chaining sea,
Lapsed in his fair enchantments I should prove
That neither grief nor time could steal my love.

As he went bedward I would burn with him
Before the cobwebbed splendour of those arms
And word triumphant, range at will the dim
Deserted rooms, haunting their pensive charms,
Or in the cheerful days of wasp-loved heat
Read Cowley in the lowly window seat.

Mine, too, would be those reverend College walks,
The trees of Christ's, the Magdalen groves so green,
The Founder's dusky tomb, the silent talks
With shadows of the past—the might have been
Of lost humanities and scented books
From long ago in soothing cloistral nooks.

If thus his page could sweeten desert isle
And mournful fate: what magic might it lend
To pleasant Hertfordshire? By lane and stile
We trace the memoried way to Mackery End,
And home returning rest in Temple bound
Calmed by the ancient Fountain's evening sound.

Dream-Alices he gives to lonely breasts,
Youthful romance's exquisite wild thrill,
And childless men amid their dark unrests
Weeping with inward tears the end so chill—
Untended by fond hands—have fathers grown
And loved his Dream-born Children as their own.

Dear are his vanities of cosy room
And charm of fireside talks by candle light
Of bygone playbills, as in golden gloom
We closer sit, fearing the swifter flight
Of Time, who will not let us live for long
With piquet played for love, old tones and song.

Elia, a happy, happy fate is thine,
Beloved for aye! In thee thy lovers see
Thine Angel-Child, half human, half divine,
With sad sweet quips of tenderest irony
Gently beguiling those whose cheeks are wet
With hopeless tears of passionate regret.

THE LIBRARY.

Bring from old treasuries the diamond globe
Of royal Kings, or from the plashy shore
Dim crusted ingots, or the Tyrian robe,
Empurpled alchemy, that evermore
Is balmed with sovran dreams; yet for the lore
Closed in this mellow space they may not be
A ransom! yea, though flaming foray bore
From fatherlands of peace immortal fee,
And dragon-guarded gold from ooze of foaming sea!

Umbras of forms of sun and wind and dew,
Of purer spring and fairer vintage flame,
Move in these legends of the tranquil blue
Of elder emblem, giving death and fame
And seats to heroes, calling each by name
To live divine crowned with undying palm,
Forgetting not the countries whence they came,
And chanting to the Father victor psalm,
Now sung by Masters old of ripe autumnal calm.

Here pumice-smoothed reclines the roll embossed
That sings of Helen from the battled wall,
Looking on Grecian helms and spears uptossed;
And of Achilles mourning crimson fall
From mortal whiteness of the virgin tall;
And of the pale dark girl so pure and sweet
In Scheria amid the festival
Wandering, or where the sea and river meet
Weeping with bosom tears for shame of wild heart beat.

On page of long ago stained amber dusk
Slip dryads from the bark in clustered band;
A nereid's white shoulder oars eve's musk;
And ardent youths spring on the Italian strand,
Seaward they point the prows along the sand,
And free from bending labour mount the vale
Drinking from palm the water of that land,
And hearing song of bird in woody dale
No longer fugitive they doff the shining mail.

Yea loiter here to see the passioning
Of earth's great souls pontifical in dream
Of human valour soaring on Love's wing;
And faint with mystic incense, odoured beam,
Pause in the thick of monumental gleam
Full of the last sad sweetness of dim woe,
And in the stillness watch the souls that stream

From aisle and chapel, helmed and bannered row,
Thoughts that no clothing words can to another show.

Lo, fragrant "Hours" from daughter of old France
Close clasped in wormy oaken boards that knew
The silver flash of Pharamound's light lance;
The "Shepheardes Calender" as clear as new,
Original, immaculate, to view;
And "Poems Lyrick, Pastorale" in green
Bringing again the scent of vernal dew
Trodden by those who shall no more be seen,
The shepherd lovers true of fair and rustic Queen.

And here be leisures delicate and brown,
Breathing from ancient prints a soothing sleep,
An idling with the uncared face and town
In placid sunshine softly calm and deep;
And there by evening flambeau horn, O peep
At blushing Beauty lighting from her chair,
And Lovelace bending with a heart at leap,
White periwig above the perfumed hair,
While cheek of purest rose calls on the lips that dare.

But from the miniature, the fair young face
Made all for love and tender conquering night,
Swept by the waving fan of old-time grace,
Scented and ribbed with tortoise shelly light,

Now turn to singing page of sunshine white,
And shallow arch on water's threaded gold,
The cuckoo's lone deep note, the robin's flight
With gentle autumn song, the winter cold
Shrilling the plaintive cries that call from wattled fold.

Ah, no! the folios clad in orient blue,
Madonna blue, and those in sunset red
Of robed imperial Saint, or darkened hue
From faded dreamful sheen of dim cope shed,
Have fair large prefaces by men long dead
Telling of loiterings and of slow delay,
And here from joy those nameless ones are fled,
And from their leaves rise odours of decay,
Faint precious mustiness as sweet as early May.

So in this hollow nest of fashioned age
Morn music breaks on slumbering shadowed dust,
And very light is soft as vellum page,
And rich and beautiful with Time's worn rust;
And here I read of faith that keeps Life's trust,
Endures its manage, yet can follow dream,
Confronting with heroic will Fate's must,
Lifting all Nature to the light of gleam
That shone on Galilee and Golgotha's wan stream.

REMEMBRANCE.

Ah, for that Kingdom by the sounding sea
Where, laid in tomb of dim rich sculptured stone,
Sleeps Annabel for aye with lover's moan
And voice of waters for her elegy.

A FRIENDLY PLACE.

When in my mood I seek a Cell
For charmed meditation deep;
My Fancy's Waring weaves a Spell,
And holy-day I keep.

My hearth's great shrine is carven oak,
My panel dark as ruby wine,
My tapestry of hunter folk,
My bay of crystalline.

My bureau comes from lady's bower,
Her perfume lingers faint from far;
My tall-boy shines with fire-lit flower,
Or wavering golden star.

A viola de Gamba leans
On spinet made by Annibale,
Or virginal once touched by Queens
Who went with passion pale.

OLD PORCELAIN.

Love in my heart I find for those
Who pine for jar with hawthorn bloom,
The Gift of Spring to Beauty's Rose
Now sleeping in the tomb.

Me would content for daily view
A pot with blossomed peach or mound,
Or slender vase of wavy blue
With dragons ramping round.

Of Celadon from time of Sung,
I do desire a Peacock set,
With yellow of the age of Yung
The hours I could forget.

Of blue and white of Kung one must
Of course have perfect pieces five,
Or those in whose seed golden-dust
The lizards seem alive.

There is a joy that cannot fade
In rouge-pot made for lady bright,
Vert bowl, or noire, with stand of jade,
And beaker tender white.

Ah, what old China sealed of fair!
Egg-tint of bird's wild woodland hour,
The azure of the summer air,
The lilac of the flower.

From dim old shop in alley pent,
From cabinet of gentle dame,
From treasure of an Empress rent,
They come—these dreams of fame!

GARRETS.

When in the night you waken
From slumber, list the cry,
The wail of ghosts forsaken
Within the garrets high.

When winter sounds are going
Along the crazy heights,
Their spectral tears are flowing,
And moaning fills the nights.

Dim straitened souls regretting
Their penury and pain,
Rebel at Time's forgetting,
The Poppy's last disdain.

A MOON OF MUSIC.

O list! O steal away!
Why linger so?
Come wake the trembling strings
Before we go.

This room is full of peace
And mellow shade;
O play the dawn of love
In youth and maid.

Music so young and sad
Follows my beat,
The song of nightingale
Is not more sweet.

Golden the Symphony,
The Pastoral strain,
But life seems desolate,
Fleeting and vain.

Night darkens in the lime,
The air breathes musk,
And gowns are ghostly white,
Faces are dusk.

Ah, now the Nocturne play;
Chopin's I mean,
Tender as minstrel love
Set on a Queen.

O violins with sob
And cry forlorn,
And tears of passioned hope,
In marching mourn.

The moon is silvery white,
Fragrant the rose,
Come let us bring our dreams
To lovely close.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

I sing not armour in the light
That burns on spears in forest night,
Nor foray in the sunshine white
Of April weather;
But of the happy life I croon
Led by a long and lazy loon
When summer skies are mild and boon
Amid the heather.

His Whatman paper, sable, paint,
He loves as ever monkish saint
Loved missal gold for title quaint
Of Gospel Story;
And joyously he tells his beads,
His colours' names, while golden reeds
Whisper, and morning dews are seeds
Of garnered glory:

The soft old red of Venice sails,
The ancient earth of Ombrian vales,
The sepia of Adrian gales,
And sunset yellow,
That stain of Eden's infant blue,
Lapis Lazuli, crimson hue,
And Indian purple, olive, too,
So grave and mellow.

He dreams of Beauty day and night:
Of trees with blossoms winged and light,
Of solitudes wind-pure and bright,
And peace unbroken,
Landscapes with cattle white and roan,
Lacework of grey and russet stone,
And groinings, doors set deep and lone
With mystic token.

For him the buoys dance in the flood,
Salt green and crimson as of blood,
And water-lights play on old wood
With idle shimmer;
And all his heart with trembling goes
To where in phantom gold and rose
Rome of the antique sleepy woes
Grows ever dimmer.

THE CATHEDRAL.

The summer noon curves for a little space
Into a statued porch profound with gloom,
Like weathered cavern in a mountain face,
And leaving all the sunshine and the bloom
In aged aisle I pass receding doors,
Withdrawn, recluse, on overwritten floors.

The forest echoes in the branched night
To my slow footfalls, and in casement high
Gleam angel-robes green-gold as chrysolite,
Or red as sard—the pomp of those who lie
In desuetude, no longer passionate,
But reconciled to sleep and during fate.

From niched place the prelates of the soul
Lean in the leisured smoke of tender eve
With mourning gesture. . . Gentle echoes roll
From distant closing gate; and shadows leave
The lofty apse and dim each trefoiled Sign,
Veiling the Eucharistic Corn and Vine.

THE OLD SCOTS TALES.

What happiness beside the low,
The ripe-red glowing cave,
To watch the turf-heaps crumble down
And hear the tempest rave.

O while the shadows dance and creep
In dusk and golden light,
Close round and tell the old Scots tales
And daff away the night.

They are compact of many things:
The murmur of the ford,
Sweet love and tender fantasy,
The long sigh of the sword.

I love their talk of plough and kine,
Of kiss in gloaming nook,
Their melancholy strange and wild,
Their reverence for the Book.

LOVE-IN-IDLENESS.

With madrigal and canzonets,
And sweetest ayres, the Pages lean
Upon the marble parapets
Dreaming in song of virgin Queen.

CYTHEREA.

O white foam-born so old, so old, yet fresh
As veiling spring!
Thee hoary tides of wild and wandering mesh
Did sweetness bring,
Clothing Jove's naked thought with lovely flesh!

Though thou dost make it joy to live, to love,
The bitter sea
Hath mingled with the passion from above,
Hate with felicity.

SONG.

O something whispers in my heart,
Leaves on my lips a kiss,
Breathes sweetness in the folding air,
Can love be this?

Red earth I come again to thee
And by thy flowing spice
Find in the dawn unguarded gate
Of Paradise.

PROVENCE.

In old Provence I love to stray
All for the old love's sake,
For there in far-off times a lay
To minstrel harp at close of day
I sang beside the lake.

Sad in the summer twilight air—
O dusk of summer eves!
Around sat knight and lady fair,
I saw them not for you were there,
My love, beneath the leaves.

THE SIRENS.

The Sirens are singing
Sweeter than music of lute,
Or harp of mortal stringing,
And the Angels are mute.
O desolate sadness,
O notes elusive and vain,
Ecstasy touched to madness,
Deepness of yearning pain!

LAMENT.

Love that brings the laughing tears
Of an April day,
Comes but once in all our years,
Comes but once for aye.

Roses shadow forth fair hue,
Violets sweet breath,
Lilies hint of form so true,
Marigolds of death.

DREAM ECHO.

I love the morning Star—
O love pure and tender!
In Dreamland very far
She dwelleth in splendour.

Her bosom hath a spell
For cooling, for healing,
Her beauty is a well
Of mystic revealing.

The flowers on a bier
Have some of her sweetness,
And the leaves that grow sere
In autumn's winged fleetness.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

With melancholy full of sweet as though
One prest the grape of sorrow, here I kneel
And breathe farewell before I seek the keel
For other land—O, England, ere I go
Close to thy heart I steal.

Looking like crag from swarded mountain side,
Or ancient cromlech, the great Abbey looms,
While Time's gold stains are lost in silver glooms,
Save where above the creeping twilight tide
Linger faint rosy blooms.

Lost in this world of crumbling stone I love
To trace its sheafy pillars to the height
Where molten rubies kindle, or the light
Yellow as autumn leaves, sleeps far above
A dimly glorious night.

The shadows gather as I softly go
On hearts unmindful now of love and hate,
And pore on emblems of their mouldered state
Sepulchral—tears for Beauty lying low
With all too brief a date.

Here on the marble leafage laid in gold
Unfaded, sleep in bronze the ancient brave,

From their dear land, or from their native wave,
Returning home to earth in silent cold
Of uninvaded grave.

On this waste tomb I love to read the verge
Of Alianor reposing, jadis Reyne
De Angleterre, with blazon and rich stain
Armorial of old Castile, and dirge
And tears forlorn and vain.

Sorrow resigned and deep hangs over all
These regions of cave darkness vast and drear,
Worm-eaten aged holds of very fear
And dungeon light remote, dim, tragical
With life's untimely bier.

So read the labels: "Killed in flower of age,"
Bringing a breath of brine and smoke from far,
And crimson, golden glories crown their star,
Rich, puissant, superb, with graven page,
Memorials of war. . .

O in this land to which I go may I
Live worthy of our heritage so great
Of love and valour, freedom from foul hate,
And faith in noble vision from on high
Triumphing over fate.

VOYAGE.

A gentler clime or death,
The calm physician saith,
And so to thinking:
Shall I with yearning seek those lovely fields
Of beauteous art Italia yields,
Or 'neath the Lion-flag, my future linking
With the dim Past, live out my shortened days?

Dear are those pale gold discs with faces dark,
The song wild as the thrilling of the lark,
But blood is dearer far than time's fair loss,
So to the Southern Cross
I am hull down in glory all ablaze.

IN RETROSPECT.

How strange to hear
In distant land, and after many days,
The mournful tidings of an old friend's death. . .
Full well I loved her sweet calm face that seemed
Cut in pale ivory, and her parlour cool
With rose leaves scented, and alight with hues
Of ancient China in the shining dark
Of panels and old kists. With her there passed
A world of dream: those faces far and faint

In Childhood seen, and fields and wavering trees
That are no more, and pets that knew dear hands
And went with tears. . .
On winter eves we heard
The latch-hole's music shrill, the voice of eld
Quavering so thin and frail an old love song;
And turned the ancient books whose fading leaves
And quaint and yellow prints stained by the hand
Of happy, happy Childhood in some day
Of beating wind and rain, were scribbled o'er
By lovers gone to earth.
But now for me
Beleaguered by the Bush there lies a place
Of vain and gentle sorrow, and its stones
Are graved with English names; and there I stand
For hours above the men and women who
Will neighbour my last sleep.

A DREAM RETURN.

By winding meadow paths, by rustic stiles
Sweet with love's whisper, down the sunny lane
Where Gill lends murmurs, under scented rain
Of soft green light I run the well-known miles
To be at home again.

This roof is very peaceful, guarded, low,
With old brown thatch and walls of hawthorn white
With mellow stains for sleepy Time's delight—
For here the moments linger, pensive, slow,
And gently falls the night.

And there are faces—long ago made dust,
That lift to mine, and arms that cling around
My humbled neck, and voices softly sound
As hand in hand with looks of loving trust
We roam that haunted ground.

The thatchy nest, the sheets from whitethorn hedge
Well lavendered in oaken kist, give sleep,
Save when the ancient clock melodious, deep,
Chimes in the dawn and from the lattice ledge
Answers each feathered heap.

These rustlers in the ivy cheep and sing,
And wake me to the vacant golden light
And thin pure air, and in the dews of night
I wash all aches away, and from the Spring
Bear water sunny bright.

The palmer's holy fount, the Mary well,
The fall from ancient mask, the nymphy stream,
These are not dearer to the memoried dream

Than this poor hedge-side flow in ferny dell
Of light and sunken beam.

I run to all: the hoary orchard bourn,
The fallen beech adzed to a bridge, the brook
And shallow silver plash, the deep brown nook
With amber pebbles very thin and worn,
So cool for rod and book.

The doves are cooing on the barn's grey roof,
A peaceful sound for sitters in the sun
Of afternoons when half the work is done,
And bare and blue old Parlic holds aloof,
And curlews cry and run.

SONG.

Like the scent of violet,
Subtly sweet with all regret,
Love and Springtide pass away—
Ah me, well a-day!

Vesper-bell knells dying beam,
Form and feature fall to dream,
Gone the voice, the love of May—
Ah me, well a-day!

Sigh we for the sunlight fled,
Sigh we for the love that's dead,
Love and violet decay—
Ah me, well a-day!

HOME.

The blue Pacific waves ran clear
In ridges to my feet,
And from their range, and from the gums
Gushed odours keen and sweet:
Squat in the sheoak's golden flame
The billy boiled too soon,
For all was golden drowsiness
That golden afternoon.

I fell asleep and saw myself
Within an ancient room
Of English grange, a white-haired man,
Quiet in ruddy gloom;
And in my heart a whisper went,
A sense of great release,
I knew that I was home again,
With life and death at peace.

The toil was over—God, how strange!
The tears were on my face,
I need not wander for my bread
From homeless place to place;
But here a breathing space I had
Unknown to fate, my foe,
Before I went the outland way
That mortal men must go.

I looked around the panelled walls
And saw dim portraits there
Of noble knight and noble dame
And girlhood sweet and fair;
And in old carven cabinets
Were letters, faded, sere,
With folded tresses, long dead flowers,
And mark of fallen tear.

Old perfumes stirred before my hand,
Old heart-breaks bled anew;
The pink was there, the daffodil,
And for remembrance rue;
My spirit touched the unseen dead
Behind the written word,
The heart of sadness touched and wept,
And spirit weeping heard.

ENDING LIBRARY
BOOK DEPOT

And there was grief for happy hours
Beyond recall for aye,
Regret for lonely youth and love—
November tears in May:
A note of joy rose in the sound
Of coming home at last,
My name was soft on waiting lips
Loved in the ancient past.

My spirit with her sense of rest
Behind the brightening veil,
Had pity on my body's grief,
For her made weak and pale;
And as the winds grew to their pitch
Grappling like deadly foes,
She gave unto my mortal part
An hour of deep repose.

And by the winter fire I sat,
Remembered faces came,
By love and death made wondrous sweet,
Of purest spirit flame;
The hour beside the ruin grey,
The kiss by summer night,
So beautiful, so sad, were seen
In delicate clear light.

Children unborn, but passionate
With mournful loveliness,
Smiled through their tears and she was there
Who did my sad years bless;
And all my simple pilgrim gold—
Old print with passing gleam
On ivied tower, old summer walks
By haunted mount and stream. . .

The flame paled on the hollied crest
And on the mistletoe,
And something whispered in my heart
'Twas time for me to go;
Aside my spirit, seraph-fresh,
Stood looking on the clay
Chastened for service of the soul,
Then turned toward the Day.

I woke, and to my dreaming eyes
The hour was as before,
But still I knew my life was changed
Then and for evermore:
The wistful passion in my breast
Is not for earthly home,
But I must seek a City still
Wherever I may roam.

C.E.N.E.F. MEM
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THEIR LETTERS.

SHE:

We watched the moon
Go sailing in a sea of silver foam,
And someone touched the open instrument,
And as the notes fell with a sound of tears
My heart seemed audible.

Come back, sweetheart!
Though life be passing we may yet grow young
In our remembrance! O but yesternoon
Within the silent Church I knelt in prayer
Where streams Christ's blood for our lamenting love,
And from the shadowed undercroft there rose
The melancholy odour of decay
That breathes of death. I saw two lovers there:
They lay in stone upon one quiet tomb,
Without all earthly pomp, assured of peace,
And in the stillness redolent of love
I wished to be as they in endless dream
Abed for evermore in gentle death—
At last I turned and went as one who goes
Upon a distant journey and with tears
Bids an adieu to joy and weeping friends.

HE:

Dear Love, I see you in the noontide beam
Mid softly gilded old memorial brass
And worn faint words and scrollings . . . by your side
I kneel in tempered sunshine of the Choir
And plead a Litany in faltered tones
For pardon and one hour of sweetest joy
In our so shadowed lives. O love I fain
Would climb for aye some wide and shelving stair
To book-clad cell whose low and silvan walls
And darkened groinings so that you were there
Were dear as Paradise! I am alone
Like some worn creature wounded to the death
That sees with anguish in reverted look
Abandonment. . . O, 'tis a moment rare
The Symbol's rind grows thin, nay, rends, I bathe
In limpid golden ether and I know
Our love is sacred and will be fulfilled!

A NIGHT WATCH.

The sallow autumn light, the glow above
The dying hearth, a twilight sad and lone
Made in my room; and in a waking sleep
I heard from out the heart of night a moan
And sighing whisper calling me to keep

A vigil with my love,
The maiden who in English field afar
Sat with me underneath the shadowed green
Of yew and cypress . . . Ah! what might have been
From beauty sweet as eve and single star.

Again in deep of silent summer air
We trod the forest path and in a mist
Of golden lights and shadows pouring down
On lap of dry and faded leaves we kist,
And on her head I placed a fragrant crown
Of flowers and blossoms rare,
And told her tales of Knight and Maid forlorn,
Of castle, haunted upland, fairy well,
And wistfully fraught with the woodland spell
We bent to listen for the magic horn.

Within that other thicket of black oak,
And pensive streaming crimson, azure, white,
The simple country chapel, hand in hand,
We knelt in silence, while the closing night
And tinkle of quaint bell, drew in a band
Of quiet rustic folk
Along the aisles dark with the mortal fate
Of bygone men and women shut in stone,
Whose sad old partings in dim lines made moan
Beneath rich heraldries and crumbling state.

O sweeter far than branch of almond bloom,
With pathos laden as of ancient song
Or April's Angel-blue and lilied way,
Or maiden of the legend of earth's throng,
I heard thy whisper, and when Time must stay
His immemorial loom,
Sad labour done, in love we still shall dwell,
Nor in eternal gleam and light forget,
Remembered then without the old regret,
Our field of meeting by the leafy well.

WEDDED.

Aeries of lofty gums with rustling rinds
And noble sweep these lovers overspread
In halcyon wilderness whose gentle winds
Sing a Placebo for the quiet dead;
But they ride on with hope no more to part,
Hearing a song whose close leaves vacant heart.

They lean together laughing yet again
As with a snort their horses toss aside
Parting love's kissing lips without sweet gain;
And then they come into a valley wide
And see in ooze of watchet air a-near
The spray surroyal of the trembling deer.

Ah, that rich vagamund whose sounding tomb
Were this wild land, with loving soul to burn
His body left, to store his ash with bloom,
No nuts of crystal, in a humble urn. . .
So with youth's care for gentle death they play,
Nor fear the shadows of that mortal day.

And now with fire and horses tended he
Lies by her own command in peace most fair,
And smokes his calumet of joy while she
Moves beautiful enshrined in evening air,
And in her heart there sings clear delicate
The Song of Songs, for she is love's true mate.

Now like a golden orb lost in the trees
The sun declines to dusk, and ruby flame
Burns on the stems; and with a whimper breeze
Up comes a spumy light that has no name,
And hunting echoes rise from distant bounds
Amaritude of exile in the sounds.

Their horses whinney and with moving ears
And staring eyes point to a grinning head,
And nuzzle them; but the grim tiger hears
And trails the kangaroos to their far bed;
And happy, happy, in the forest light
The lovers give themselves unto the night.

SONG.

There dwelt a King in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
There dwelt a King in Babylon,
In Babylon the Great.

And Apame that laughing girl,
Sunny bright of eye and curl,
Sweet with youth that laughing girl,
Struck him with her hand.

She took his crown from off his head,
Nod of which could strike one dead,
She took his crown from off his head,
And set it on her own.

Darius gaped upon the lass,
For laugh and tear she was his glass,
He loved his Kingdom for this lass,
His crown fell at her feet.

NIGHT AND MORN.

The faint far colour from the dying fire
Of sunken sun pales to a lonely white
Foam-blanched and cold, and out of forest heart
A nameless murmur floats.
The pastor rides
Mid darkness gathering up the trees on high
To meet night falling violet with threads
Of starry light; and there are sighs and groans
And plunging rushes in the underwood,
And now a shape, a thing uncouth and dim,
Keeps easy pace with his great horse's stride
Then vanishes, and noises rise and fall
Like those that haunt old houses in night's prime
When ghosts tread lightly. Or some grief unknown
Breathes from the mourning waste as though it were
The moan of women speared, the fierce wild oath
Of retribution—see the traveller reins
And with one hand upon his horse's back,
Peers earnestly behind him in the dark
And listens . . . ah, the silence of the world
Is broken by the mournful belching yawn
And strangled whistle of a mating bull,
And at the menace with a little snore
His horse pricks on.
He makes his evening camp

And boils his billy at the huge prone log,
While far away the mopoke calls a weird
Upon the night, and with a fare of birds,
The light vaunt-couriers of the winter rimes,
He seeks a bed unbought of hollow rind.

From dreamless sleep into the soft fresh dark
He rising comes with thoughts of pastoral cares,
The toils and sorrows of his scattered flock;
And he is snared by something old and sweet
That never can grow sere, and knows, alas,
The faint far purple of enchanted ways
That beckoned him across the ocean wave,
Broods now upon the distant hills of home.

The sheoaks sigh, and on the woven roof
Burn crimson flakes of morning sacrifice,
And in an emerald mist a deer glides by,
And birds are glad; and in the dew-grey grass
For pure perpetual alms of grace he prays,
No longer in the sphery militant,
But in sweet peace of perfect rest . . . his hound
With beautiful brown eyes adoring fawns,
His horse comes nuzzling, and with gesture shy
He gives his blessing to the animals.

A SABINE FARM.

Horace, the flying years glide by
And still we drain with thee
Amphorae of old Massic wine
Beneath the myrtle tree;
And by the source of sacred stream
We hold pale Death in fee,
With Chloe of the laughing lips
And rustic Phydile. . .

Of late I kept a farm for love
Of all thy tranquil days,
A sunny corner of the earth
Beyond my fondest praise;
I wreathed green myrtles round my brow
And read thy ordered lines
On leaves as aged ivory pale,
And drank thy classic wines.

I lived untroubled by the thought
Of night and parting love,
Me neither Geryon's triple frame
Nor Pelops' fate could move;
And I remembered Plancus' year,
The fire of love's sweet fool,
And called for chaplets and pure nard
By summer streaming cool.

But ah, thy she-goat sought the pail
With udder pointing free,
My Nan refused to yield her milk
Save to the toils of three;
Moreover, in the midnight hour
On roses she must feed,
And round the garden flutteringly
I've followed on her lead.

She loved the dandelion gold
And plucked, chained to my wrist,
As underneath a violet sky
I lay on wild flower mist;
But then a Cretan came to me
And talked of moth and pest,
And scorned the moss upon my trees,
Token of summer rest.

The beauty of the briar rose,
The blackberry's pale flower,
The thistle's royal purple hue,
The gorse's golden hour,
The crimson creeper in the grass,
The rush's greening lane,
Were naught before an orchard clean—
We said farewell in pain.

Horace, I may not keep a farm,
Short is the span of life,
And kings and husbandmen must go
Where shadows hush the strife;
But though the Capitol is dust,
Pontiff and Virgin sleep,
Pure as thy fountain in our hearts
Thy songs well from the deep.

VIRGIL IN THE BUSH.

Now comes the very sweetest hour of night,
The Poet's noon, and by the golden core
Of sheoak log I savour Time's soft flight,
And steep my soul in fragrant Latin lore.

I am for Virgil—lo, the College lawn
By Thames his side and walnut-scented shade;
There with the treasured volume and the dawn
I dream of Trojan shore and slender maid.

The wind fresh blowing draws me to the deep,
From home and pleasant thresholds far I go;
And learn the long farewell of those who weep
The casting of the earth, the pyre's last glow.

For her the fragile hemlock pipe I play
Wreathed with dark violets, or sing of streams
And hallowed fountains, and the idle day
That fades at length to stars and happy dreams.

With tiny waving masks I hang the pine
To Ceres great, where sweet the milky corn
Swells on the greener stem; and carve the vine
On beechen cups, and hyacinths forlorn. . .

O grave and sweet, of antique grief the flower,
Those words of purest sorrow: Tears are shed
For sad misfortune; mortal woes have power
To touch the heart; give lilies for the dead.

Our Italy is still upon the rim
Of all the world, though here a fuller gleam
And interwoven azure faint and dim,
And blushing rose, hint of Lavinian dream.

Ah, Love, the melancholy waters lave
The silent shore, but ere we stoop to drink
Of that indifference we call Lethe's wave
Of Virgil's perfect line we'll smiling think.

OLD CATALOGUES.

The moaning winds are out upon the sea,
The wild white horses plunge to dragon foam,
Close in the bush a worn and withered tree
Falls with a crash, and I ride swiftly home,
Where one is waiting by the sheoak flame
To catch the rider's Coo-ee! and her name.

The supper over and the table clear,
With glowing hearth and lamp and easy chair,
And bundle of old catalogues, I hear
The roar of sea and wind without a care,
And sink into the past with still delight
And in remembrances forgot the night.

Pale beams of eve now light the Dreamland ways;
My feet tread without echo on the green
Of vanished England; Clive and Ethel gaze
Sad for lost years of love that might have been;
While Esmond and his mistress bring again
Their sheaves with laughter and a tearful rain.

Once more the Vernon lighted by the moon
Leans to young Frank; again the simple flute
Of Bertram wakes "The links of bonnie Doon"
From wayside well; and those wild notes long mute
In deep old glades of noble Sherwood rise
In yearning music as the King's deer dies.

What hosts of poignant memories are here!
What well-loved faces glimmer in the dark!
What hints of love from eyes and lips so dear! . .
Ah me! I take my pencil and I mark
The catalogues, lest from my eyes the tears
Should spring at thought of all the old dead years.

On monumental effigies I gloat,
On castle, abbey, mansion and grey peel,
On secret panel, stairway, and deep moat,
And antique vestiges; again I feel
The joy of walking tours in youth and May
By lonely peaceful stream and ruin grey.

And then the bindings! purple, green, and blue,
Old Spanish red, buff, citron, violet, white,
Dark crimson, orange—all as fresh as new!
Pale, polished, panelled, full, rich, crushed, and bright,
With laureate wreath, curled dolphin, golden bee,
Stamped Tudor roses, crown, and fleur-de-lis.

What talk of watered silk and India proofs,
Large paper, type, and edge uncut of blade,
Of black and Gothic letters under roof
Of dim and fretted glory! All things fade;
Yea, Time deals with our treasures; some are worn,
The last leaf wormed, discoloured, stained or torn.

THE CHILD.

The hour of peace came with a sunset glow
Of living ember in the sacred west,
And in that old forsaken place I reigned,
A king of silence, save for rustling leaf
Making a gentle echo to my page
As there I read.
It was that moment rare
When from the summer land a soul exhales
In sad felicity; and as the fires
Faded to twilight at my knee there stood
A phantom child whose eyes were full of dream,
And shadowed with the dream. It was myself
Yet in the bud; and pity swelled my heart
For all the bitter of the coming years;
And then there grew a murmur that the Boy
Should have the blossom of his infant days
Uncankered, and for keeping and defence
I gathered up the glamour of my time—
The finer Truth.

And so I sang of Love,
The Life in tenderness, and that pure eyes
Unseen were glad of holy innocence
And wept for fallen ways; and of the Grail
Ablaze and brimmed with ruby of His blood;

And gave a sweetness to the high stern face
Of Duty, and for haunting, goading fear,
Freedom and rule.

Again the smiles I brought
To those grave eyes with fair enchanting tales:
Sinbad and Ali Baba, Robin Hood,
And Crusoe of the Island—ah, those coasts
Where figure-heads of once tall ships look forth
On flaming waves; and moidores, silks and arms
Are strewn in massy chests by blackened ribs
Stuck in the sand!—and of those golden days
When Kings and Queens were fain to mate with folk
Of rustic kind, and little princes looked
'Tween prison bars on happy shepherd boys,
And forest glades with archers sleeping fast,
The sun for clock. I sang of Heroes tall;
And of the wash and sparkle of the tide
When ships rode high on waves of hyacinth,
And merry winds blew free for Colchos strand
And Golden Fleece; Apollo's songs and steeds;
And Aphrodite rising from the sea,
White as the foam, with winds as delicate
As breathings of the viol and the flute;
And of that Kingdom of empurpled calm
Now desolate beneath Atlantic wave,
Unpeopled of its beauteous Chivalry.

Then in a wayward mood we talked of Sly,
And old John Naps of Greece and Peter Turf,
And Henry Pimpernell; and in the shire
Of pleasant Gloster a ripe pippin ate
Of Shallow's graffing, in his orchard land,
While he lamented those faint midnight chimes
Of old sepulchral churches hid away
In London's labyrinths; and Silence sighed:
"O sweet Anne Page, that sweet virginity!
A thousand vagrom posies nested there
In her white bosom; and, alas, we cry
'Budget' in vain: we shall not hear her lips
Say 'Mum' for evermore! But still the sweet
Of night comes in, so let us merry be!"

Of mighty Kings we dreamed and their great fates:
Whose circled glory fell before the time—
The hollow gold low as the crook, the staff—
Yea, they from airy towers to prison vaults
Declined and left their weeping Queens to mourn
By dim and fretted shrines. The Boy's proud eyes
Shone as I chanted of the valiant tops
Borne down by England's might—that dear, dear land
Of voices tranquilised by time, and glades
Of softest rains and sun-lit meadow slope,
And Cross insculped with flowing runes, and shell,

Lipped and green stained, of fountain crystal clear—
Antiquity time-silvered.
Thus the hours
Fell like the lapse of water over stones
Smoothed through the centuries; and the quiet child
Somewhat divined of pure and trembling joy,
Life swift as foam, as mountain torrent foam,
With Lady, horse, and good sword on the road,
Unviolated honour, sacrifice,
Of faithful service, fame well left for love,
And chastity's clear flame, and pity dear
For beauty fading and forsaken quite,
Dead and forgotten save for perfume caught
From some old leisure of the storied page—
And then he passed with warmth of lip and arm
To that sad land we call the might-have-been.

WANDERERS.

As I rose in the early dawn,
While stars were fading white,
I saw upon a grassy slope
A camp-fire burning bright;
With tent behind and blaze before
Three loggers in a row
Sang all together joyously—
Pull up the stakes and go!

As I rode on by Eagle Hawk,
The wide blue deep of air,
The wind among the glittering leaves,
The flowers so sweet and fair,
The thunder of the rude salt waves,
The creek's soft overflow,
All joined in chorus to the words—
Pull up the stakes and go!

Now by the tent on forest skirt,
By odour of the earth,
By sight and scent of morning smoke,
By evening camp-fire's mirth,
By deep-sea call and foaming green,
By new stars' gleam and glow,
By summer trails in antique lands—
Pull up the stakes and go!

The world is wide and we are young,
The sounding marches beat,
And passion pipes her sweetest call
In lane and field and street;
So rouse the chorus, brothers all,
We'll something have to show
When death comes round and strikes our tent—
Pull up the stakes and go!

WINGED WARFARE.

And then he told about the fatal war
Between proud East and West, and how they came
Each King unparagoned, an ebon star,
Like Angels militant, in jewelled flame
And splendour fabulous and royal dye,
Now ridged in Heaven, now like light's far blue sigh.

"I turned to view the West's great serried steep
Where in clear space on high it fiercely rayed
Like thickets of pure starry fire, or deep
Assumptions—then like keen and glittering blade
It cleft the air, and Angel forms went round
Slow eddying with huge dim moaning sound."

HALCYON.

She builds her nest and from above
Calm broods upon the sunlit deep,
All for the sake of love—ay, love,
Fleet joy and memoried tears and sleep.

SORROW.

A song of sorrow for the driven sheep
Whose cloud of summer dust hangs over fear
And patient suffering; and for all the deep
Dark lack of those who strike the falling rear.

A song of sorrow for the stumbling feet
Of dying horse; and for the hearts that breed
The foul-mouthed oath and for the hands that beat
The labouring side to wake a wild sad speed.

A song of sorrow for the prey that strains
In hope obscure to reach its place of birth;
For mothers and their young in hunger pains,
Nested in tree or holed in cave or earth.

A song of sorrow for the footsore tramp
Of captives desolate and doomed by race
And foul environment to cold and damp,
(Workhouse or gaol), with poor bewildered face.

A song of sorrow for the man who fares
Unfit, incompetent, and with sad look
Of humble pleading offers his poor wares
To an unheeding world, from straitened nook.

A song of sorrow for the multitude
Who toil and sweat and agonise and die
Without a parting breast; and for the rude
Of earth who see them fall and give no sigh.

A song of sorrow for the wintered heart
That loved unloved, and now no longer young,

But old, ah old! must linger and depart
Leaving the lips unkissed, the song unsung.

A song of sorrow for the quick-drawn breath
And inward trembling sob when men first learn
They have no morrow, but in silent death
Must sleep alway and never more return.

A song of sorrow for the stream of tears
Falling for loved ones gone the way of earth
With meek and passive faces—can these years
So brief be all the promise of our birth!

THE BUSH.

Here raged the ocean in the far-off time
And made this shallow: yonder rode
At anchor under that green island's lea
The mariner who from low Norland shore
Sailed to the lonely South, beyond the verge
Of other voyagers, and found a land,
Heart-shaped and rare, and left this happy coast
Riched with remembrances of slow canal
And blossomed mead and ancient water-gate
And yellow foaming sea.
But come away!
Forget the spuming wave: from forest deeps

A thin blue smoke floats over bushland home
And wandering peace; for, ah, from memories dear.
Like him of whom the Roman Virgil sang,
Austerely sweet, these dwellers in the wild
Have called the green redeemings of their toil
By kindly home-born names. Now slacken rein
Upon this flowering earth, and brood on woods
Softly alight with faded sunshine, streams,
Mere threads of amber, sapphire, and pure rose,
And crystal air fine-spun with cadences
Of distant birds. O in the silent eve
The forest life goes on its ancient way—
And down the valley comes the porcupine
With slow grave tread, and in an azure mist
The deer glance by shadowed on lilac bole,
And from the leaves a troubling odour breathes
Coming with night and dews beneath the moon
And thick-strown stars.

Behind the homing cows
Loiter in fragrant stillness boy and girl
With wonder filled at some strange gentleness
That late as yesterday has come between
Their comrading, and made their rarer dream
At one with all the music of the sea
And earth and sky. . .

O lift the fallen rail

And leave the wistful forest and the hills
Hoar with the silver moon, this sweet neglect
Of English flowers, for mighty caverned glow
And welcome meal and wayworn bushland tales
Of lion hearts braving the ruined fall
Of giant gums, the toil of cankered years,
And that great sorrow when adown the trail
The horsemen ride in light and shade behind
Their fellow whom nor coo-ee from the stead,
Nor bark of dog, will ever waken more.
What though there are no legends from the past
Of sacred isle and barrow, fairy dell,
Or wave of border war—a wash of steel
Breaking on massy gate—or love and death
In country ballads sung by ingle-nook
When winds sweep down the valley; yet the same
Are human hearts, and here in this deep bush
They have their brave romance of fire and flood,
And as of old still hides the laughing girl
With merry eyes that shine with night and love
And sweet relentings—and some bard will rise
Steeped in the glamour of it all and sing
Horse, axe, and gun, and bed beneath the green,
And gentler theme of golden fleece, and plough
Spilling white dust and turning falling flower,
With shadowed rest at headland, and the peace

And love of bushland homes.

O when that touch
Of dim uncertainty that makes our faith
Heroic, and the haunting fear of Death,
Our brother of old silences and rest,
Darken our crown of pure immortal Light
And chill the tenderness of blossoming
Of earthly hopes and passions, here are found
Places impregnable to cruel words
And wounds and scornings, where in rough green land,
In calm ineffable the heart may heal
And gain of beauty and of love and hope,
Though in the fulness of our joy there be
The sense of tears and of the brooding peace
Of sunshine falling in forgotten place
On quiet graves.

A SONG OF RECOLLECTION AND THANKSGIVING.

I.

Come, dearest friend, with long unhindered hours,
Come, click my humble latch and tell June's flowers
Where mingle scents of rose and new-mown hay,
Come, for the daylight will not leave my bowers

Or come when slopes are steeped in heather wine,
And homeward children on the hazels dine
To faint autumnal songs and rustling mast
Stirred in the forest by the wandering swine.

Our Lady's raiment now the fairy weaves,
And with soft flight the martins dip from eaves,
And snowy light will soon be strange on ceil,
And on the pane the icy ferns and leaves.

The world shut out now crouch about the rose
Of soothing slumbrous hearth from winter foes,
While loud the wind moans at the close barred door,
And candles swale and mighty Yule log glows.

II.

Have you no Odyssey from out the past,
No Memory's saving from the Thracian blast,
For sunny nook or bench by blazing fire,
When in the fleeting days you near your last?

Did not the sycamores of Academe
Shadow sweet study and the learned dream?
And as those scholars walked in still retreat,
In pure white robes, had they of joy no beam?

Brood over things of beauty and of light,
Survivals of dim ages lost in night,
Touched with a grace of wasting delicate,
Pleading so old and frail with pensive might.

Yet walk at eventide with pilgrim feet
To hallowed ground so melancholy sweet,
Where Love let fall earth's raiment for the morn
And all the rarer dreams of sorrow meet.

III.

The schoolboy on some vacant summer day
Beneath the elm, sees in the rude decay
Of prior's ancient stone a memory high
That gives a noble worth to work and play.

What joy when dewdrops globe the morning sun
To bathe and roam, and when the day is done
To mark on soiled page in silver blaze
The pirate royals mid the palm trees run.

And when he kneels on Sunday in the Choir
While darkened rays burn into dusky fire

Through Founder's lofty arms, is there no call
To faith and valour from his ghostly sire?

And dear in after-dream will be the lore
Caught from the murmuring of the Latin shore,
Old balming of Life's melancholy gold,
Dim quiet grief at peace for evermore.

IV.

Come, flee through postern in the thickened wall
Of daily round and lose by water fall
Sick fears and self, and near the crystal waves
Carve infant Aeolus in silvan hall.

The noble beech, the sun-tanned spreading oak,
Have equal shade for purse and beggar's poke,
And silent happy dreams for aye to dwell
And be the last sweet thought of woodland folk.

When in the sunshine faint the shadows fade
And leaves fall down before rude winter's raid,
I love to find in stoup of mouldering stone,
Ghostly from olden showers, worn bud and blade.

Upon the just and unjust pours the sun
His light and heat; and when the day is done
A soft and silver lamp floats in the sky—
O by such beauty let thy heart be won!

V.

Where royal blazons guarded with dim gold,
Beaten and pounced with symbols haught and bold,
Ensanguined pennocels, hang from the roof,
View me neglectful over holy mould.

O let the shuddering organ peal and blow,
Or trample in a sea of golden flow,
Or falter faint at more than mortal biers,
Then soar divine and into glory go!

Who would not roam when leaves are fledged and take
The Elegies from Arden's forest brake
Of merry Rosalind gone by and dead—
Ah, bitter pang of sweet celestial ache.

Wander around the hearths, when eve is late,
Of old unlatchers of the woodland gate—
Does not the heart swell with a plenitude
Of more than sorrow for their humble fate?

VI.

The candles of the chestnut spire in May,
The almond blossoms through the winding way,
The oozy earth-springs sliding from the ledge
Are embassies to call my soul to pray.

The painter's tent is white upon the mount,
He sees the brimming pitcher by the fount,

The green and silent pastures thick with dew
The happy moments are beyond his count.

O blessings of pure colour in the sky,
The heart of blue, the sunset's scarlet dye,
O green of ancient chase: O everywhere,
Soft voices of a world born from on high!

And when from blossomed festival I go
And hear the distant music faintly flow,
I feel a strange unquiet in my heart,
Mingling of darkling joy and April woe.

VII.

Colour and music, form and carven line,
Love and the golden Life behind the Sign,
Shall I renounce and sink in sensual mire,
Drown consciousness in coward draught of wine?

Mine eyes are opened wider for the things
Made full of grace and value by the wings
Of passing Death—the wondrous things of earth,
And like a lark my mounting spirit sings.

I send my soul through distant silent lands,
Old tragic exits, and I sing the bands
Of earth's great lovers, martyrs to their faith,
Forlorn and haughty on dim twilight strands.

With them I suffer in the lonely place,
Their places desolate, yet peal the race
With high funereal marches, for I know
Earth is ennobled by their mortal grace.

Here where the dew is flashing in the cup
Of pure and perfect lily, looking up
To Jesus, we may make of homely ways
Places of Holy Ground with Him to sup.

Yea, still a ruby kindles in the Vine
Guiding to Him who is the infant Wine,
The Bread within the wheaten that we eat,
The Giver of the Good within the Sign.

VIII.

Remember how the sun sank in the west
When in rapt silence lips and breasts were prest,
(O old refrain, a lover and his lass!),
And each young bosom had a wondrous guest.

There is no solace like a woman true,
Lovely and steadfast, pure as trembling dew,
One who shall light your way with mild sweet eyes,
And make grey earth a dwelling ever new.

To feel there is no living in earth's light
Unless her love be there to gild it right,

And then to close the fixed eyes in death—
Only purged hope can sanctify the night.

IX.

What though the Soul in faring might not find
An answering Thought, a Breath of Spirit Wind?
Once to have felt immortal is enough,
Once to have pierced the Symbol's veiling rind!

Narrows the thread of life and fear o'erwhelms
From wild dark faces gloomed by shadowy helms,
But God doth guard the portals and His power
Blossoms in Jesus and in starry realms.

I know a clearer Light behind the light,
Unorbed and uncreated, and no night
Can close around my feet: I dwell with Him
In glory of my birth and Blood-won right.

Bless God for sleep within thy fathers' land,
For love's drawn mouth and tears and tender hand
About thy body, and the deep green grass,
And farewell touch of sunset's smouldering brand.

And soft as starlight gleams and lingers on
After the star has into darkness gone,
May the remembrance of thee still be light,
Thy land the fairer for thy kindness done.

THE ECSTASY.

Ah, could I mount to that high Plain of Love
And walk in sweet Jerusalem above
And be with God . . . then on this earth awhile,
His presence felt in every pilgrim mile,
Breaking the silence of the Great Release
Do all in beauteous act from inner peace,
Moving to heal with Unction of the Place
And fill with joy for tears the human face,
And passing Death as through a little door
Open on Paradise there evermore
Go on from stair to stair of purity
In pain remedial and in service free,
Until to Resurrection morn I rise
Like bridegroom sun climbing the happy skies,
A perfect soul in perfect body shrined—
O that were bliss to find!

THE MANLY HEART.

Not in the throned and laurelled height,
Nor in the culled surcease
Of old regret in cloister garth,
Can mortal man find peace.
But ever will the manly heart
Be errant for the good,

With sacrifice made beautiful,
In peace of songful blood.

SONG.

A King renounced his crown and globe,
His sceptre and imperial robe,
And clothed in gown of withered grey
Into the forest went away,
And lighting on a lonely cave
By ripples of an amber wave,
Of autumn leaves he made his bed,
And quiet crowned his royal head,
And in the sunny dale he sat
From scent of day to flight of bat
And watched the moving golden beam,
And pierced the veil in lingering dream,
And smiled upon the evening dew,
Nor wept the world, because he knew.

THE HERMIT.

Soft sunlight dies with tender stain
On ruined abbey fresh with rain,
And quietly the hermit goes
Through folding light of lovely rose,

And sinks into a wooded vale
Sober with eve and whispering gale,
And by his fire, no care withal,
His memory keeps high festival.

MERRYMIND.

Merrymind, Merrymind, whither art thou roaming,
Merrymind, Merrymind, nay art thou sleeping yet?
O to us sweet minstrel dear, wilt thou not be homing?
Or we shall forget.

Vale of toil so waste and drear, hear him now advancing
Playing on the golden strings, the midnight maiden's boon,
Breaks the sunshine on the hills, the princess falls to dancing
In a bridal noon!

O, the joyfulness and kissing of that fiddle's flowings,
Giving rest and happiness, and laughter delicate!
Fling out from this iron world to his merry bowings,
O be not too late.

Lancelot, Lancelot, ride with song and gleaming,
Robin wind in greenwood shaw thy dreaming silvery horn,
Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down thy hair a-beaming,
Yellow as the corn.

Pride begone, thou hateful curse of narrowed blood and breeding,
Cruel growth of heaviness and dull cold ignorance;
Come, thou golden Charity, lend to us thy leading
In a sunny dance.

THE END IN VIEW.

Love, may I be first to part!
When the long slow moments creep
Hold me to thy mourning heart,
With thy tears hush me to sleep,
Kiss thy sweetest on my eyes,
Kiss my lids with farewell sighs—
Farewell sighs.

No, I cannot leave thee so!
Lonely in the winter ways,
Heart and soul bowed very low,
Low for all the old white Mays,
Let us two go through the stream
Hand in hand and fall on dream—
Fall on dream.

THE SYMBOL.

Thus pass the glories of the world!
He lies beneath the pall's white folds:
His sword is sheathed, his pennon furled,
Him silence holds.

The pilgrim staff, the cockle-shell,
The crown, the sceptre of his pride,
The simple flower from forest dell,
Heap at his side.

And add thereto the wild-heart lute,
The voice of love and twilight song;
Those passioned strings though he is mute
Remember long.

And move not thence his evening book
The sifted grains of calm and storm;
And bow before that dust-strewn nook
And silent form.

To-morrow hath no hope for him,
No clasp of friend, no grip of foe:
Remember, love, with eyes tear-dim,
We too must go.

PASSING.

Sacred bell at eventide,
Calling, calling, far and wide,
Ah, so sweet and low!
Sweet and sad as autumn light,
Low and sweet as closing night, . . .
Pilgrim, let us go.

Youth and beauty far away
Lean together in the may,
Shining head to head;
But for us the solemn peace,
(Do not sigh) and great release
Of the happy dead.

Come, as children, steal to Him
Who through all the ages dim
Offers calm relief:
Stricken heart, so fierce and wild,
Come, as comes a little child,
With thy wasting grief.

Far above the creeds He stands
With His pierced and pitying hands
Stretched to thee and me;
He is Love's last tender bed,
Bosom for the weary head
To eternity.

DEATH'S HOMAGE.

With pomp and plume and lettered gold,
With undertone of wailing breath
And trembling hope, we greet thy cold
Impartial touch, O sovereign Death.

DEAD ISLAND. (Port Arthur.)

It is the hour of sunset: on the hills
A rose-light slumbers; in the quiet west,
Deep in its heart, soft splendours roll and run,
And twilight falls upon the dead who rest
So thick beneath my feet. Farewell, O sun!
The far blue region fills
With starry lamps; an echo of the roar
Of distant wave adds to the solitude
Where, heaped together, gentle, fierce and rude,
The trumpet wait on this forgetful shore.

O sombre island grave! among thy shades
I stand on guard, the living with the dead,
And sadness infinite swells in my breast
For all man's generations that have fled
This lonely earth on which they found no rest:
Here as the slow light fades
How strange seems Life! we love, we strive, we hate,

We weep and passion, greyer grows the day,
And one by one, friends, foemen, steal away,
And Death and Time in silence close the Gate.

THE LAST TOAST.

Beyond the use of words must be the heart
Of him for whom Death idles while his friends
Are all departed—how he rakes the fire
On Christmas hearth,
And standing toasts the loved ones gone away.

LOVE NEVER DIES.

Once upon a weary day
Sang I of pure Love's decay,
Sighing for his old fond play,
Ah me, well-a-day.

All sweet things were in my mind,
Things that leave upon the wind
Odours—ah, the dim regret—
As of April violet
Passing far away.

But I know Love never dies
Though we seek him now with sighs,
For he lives beyond the skies
In a purer day.

AN ECHO.

O the wattle trees are yellowing
Adown the dark green lane,
And the bush winds are blowing so sweetly,
But I and my true love shall never meet again
When I come home from the riding.

With a coo-ee from the mountain,
And a coo-ee from the vale,
With a trample and jingle so gaily,
I called to my true love to meet me at the rail
When I come home from the riding.

Now the sheoak leaves are sorrowing
For hearth-stone cold and grey,
And my bosom is aching with sadness,
But when through the River I shall ford at close of day
She will welcome me home from the riding.

PROPHECY.

Our souls are thoughts of God above,
And some by channels delicate
Re-enter that vast ocean Love,
And know beyond their human fate.

NO OTHER WAY.

When breaking buds were cups of light
And breathed their perfumes in sweet airs,
And crystal clear the murmuring fall
Whispered the heart to leave its cares,
Then fine-spun gold was all my thought,
Of you I dreamed unto the verge
Of tears, and child-earth songs I heard,
And all of grief was autumn dirge.

The soft and silent shadows slept
Upon the mountains, and the sea
Was blue as sapphire fabulous,
And through me swept eternity,
While from an open pane in Heaven
Pure glories slanted on my earth
Softer than sheen of ancient cope
And filled with orient light at birth.

From hidden furnace of God's love
Raptured assumptions rose and fell;
Ennobled pallors of grave peace
In plenitude composed my cell;
And so with forlay of the Spring,
Insurgent flights of lyric cry,
And regnant heart I took my staff,
No vading mortal colour nigh.

Ah, but at evening in the doubtful light
I came upon a river dark as night
Filling the valley with a murmuring flow
Neglectful, and I knew my way must go
Through that unfathomed flood whose only gleam
Crested the rolling waves with pallid beam,
And in my heart there swelled a mortal pain
Half given to sorrow, half to sweetest rain
Of farewell tears. . .
Then I remembered me
Of a fair promise of felicity
Whispered of old by my Companion dear,
Jesus, my Way-friend, and I put off fear
And waded in the shallows of the brim
And ashen grew my life, but through the dim
Dark vapours, over lowlands waste and chill
There loomed in shining on a vernal hill
A City of Delight, new, fresh, unworn;
And so I deeper went, sustained, up-borne
By my Redeemer.

HIS DEATHBED.

Open the lattice lies on breadths of corn
Softly aflame in slow and waning light
Of later afternoon; and from the skirt
Of a dim solitude, fall clear and frail
Sweet woodland notes.

With farewell lingering sad
The pastor looks in silence, for he knows
His time is come to go the way of earth,
Nor to be gathered to his fathers' place
Of burial, but to a lowly grave
In kindly foster-land. The sudden tears
Of love had told of ending, and a sigh
As of a wildwood thing enfanged in steel
On careless sunshine morn had parted then
Despairing lips awhile; but he has ta'en
With flakes of bread that inward gracious Flesh,
And flutes and flagons of redeeming Blood
Poured out for love of him, in drops of wine—
Viaticum; and now the thought so strange
That morn will see him not, contains no pang.

And so with tender swell of heart for her,
And with a founded trust in Christ's dear Cross,
And penitence for evil of his life,
He turns and falls on sleep.

THE FUNERAL MARCH.

O hear the cymbal's sour-sweet clash, the roll
Of muffled drums, the pure entreating breath
Of silver clarion, fluted wail of soul,
The trumpet pealing hope above pale death

AYE LOVE.

Above these lovers gone beyond Time's wrong
Loud, pure and clear, the magpie's matins ring,
The nooning bush birds softly flit and sing,
And faintly spires the starlings' evensong,
While they in slumber mourn no more joy's dearth
In quiet earth.

DIRGE.

God breathed in Man His Breath,
And gave him fat of wheat and blood of grape,
And oil—and holy death.

He set eternity
Within his heart, and made his bed of green
Beside the sounding sea.

Sin kindled coals of fire,
And bared the founding bars of hollow earth,
And cankered men's desire.

Love caught them back to life,
These shadows having no abiding place,
And gave them peace from strife.

Siloah's brooks that go
So softly are the emblems of His love,
His mercy's gentle flow.

O in our sorrow's night
Look, Father, on Thy children's parting souls,
Give them eternal Light.

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